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A Little Journey to the Home of Andrew Taylor Still

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By Elbert Hubbard

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ONE thing
sure, no
one ever
suffers from the
effects of medica-
tion after visiting
an Osteopath.

—Charles E. Still





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"THE OLD DOCTOR" AND ELBERT HUBBARD
On the veranda at Kirksville

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Andrew Taylor Still

Being a *Little Journey* to the
Home of the Founder
of Osteopathy

By
Elbert Hubbard



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Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York, mcmxii

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A Little Journey to the Home of **ANDREW TAYLOR STILL**

By ELBERT HUBBARD

IT was about the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven that Henry Ward Beecher entered his pulpit one Sunday morning, and announced to his congregation that he wanted a thousand dollars to buy Bibles for poor people in Kansas. He said the matter was absolutely imperative, and he would not go on with the services until the money was raised.

¶ The Plymouth Church congregation had faith in Henry Ward Beecher, so they simply raised the money as a matter of course.

And the next day Henry Ward Beecher took the thousand dollars, and bought Sharpe's rifles and shipped them to Old John Brown in Kansas.

One of these "Bibles" was given to Major Pond, and he, in turn, presented me the document, after he no longer had use for it. I have it now, with his initials cut on the butt, with several notches adjacent. Just what these notches stand for, I do not know.

Another of these Bibles was given to a young medicus,

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ANDREW TAYLOR STILL

Major Andrew Taylor Still, who was surgeon to the troop of which Old John Brown was in command. The first time I heard of Doctor Still was from the lips of Major Pond.

We were out barnstorming the one-night stands, and when topics of conversation ran short, the Major always talked about either Henry Ward Beecher or Old John Brown.

¶ Major Pond had followed the footsteps of John Brown from Pennsylvania to Ohio, Ohio to Iowa, Iowa to Kansas.

¶ These fighters for freedom had no commissary, and they took no prisoners. They lived off of the country. They were all pioneers, at home in the open, and even when alone were in good company, for they were on good terms with the stars, with the clouds, with bee-trees, deer, flowing springs, raccoons, opossums, and the entire world of happy, exuberant, lavish Nature.

Doctor Still was physician to that whole "deestrick." He was twenty-eight years of age when Pond first met him, and Pond was only twenty. So between them lay the gulf of years, for a boy of twenty regards a man of twenty-eight as a veteran.

Surgeon Still once set a broken wrist for young Jim Pond, and thereby was he fixed in the memory of the man who was to become lecture manager for Henry Ward Beecher.

¶ The homely, commonsense skill of Major Still in ministering to the afflicted, the sick or the injured, commanded the great respect of Jim Pond and everybody.

Major Still was a man of education.

Incidentally, he could go out and bring back a deer when no one else knew where the deer were ♫ ♫

THE other day I saw a picture of the Reverend Abram Still, father of Andrew Taylor Still, reproduced from an old daguerreotype. As I glanced at this picture, I involuntarily said, "John Brown." There was something essentially alike in the countenances of these two men—lean, homely, earnest, intellectual, stubborn—their high-combed hair bristling with the essence of honesty *so so*. Call them religious fanatics if you please. In any event, they were men of high-power potencies.

And then, at the same time, I saw a picture of Mrs. Martha P. Still, the mother of Andrew Taylor Still—a strong, earnest, noble woman, with a square head and a firm jaw, fit mate for a man who was to fight not only with the elements, with poverty, with stupidity, but who was also to make a great fight for human rights.

IT is a splendid thing to be well born. ¶ The parents of Andrew Taylor Still were people with personality, plus. They had health, physical strength, mentality.

Andrew Taylor Still was born in the year Eighteen Hundred Twenty-eight, near Jonesboro, Lee County, Virginia.

¶ Look this up on the map and you will find it is in the Blue Ridge Mountains, a part of the country which even yet is off the beaten track of civilization.

These Virginia mountaineers were descendants of royalty, and some of this royalty was sent out of England for England's good. It was a matter of the survival of the fittest, and in the mountains they formed a law unto themselves.

Abraham Lincoln was of the same breed—long of limb, lean, sinewy, bony, possessed of tremendous physical strength, moving slowly but surely toward the goal.

This is the essential type of the Virginia mountaineer. Abram Still was a Methodist preacher, a circuit-rider, whose fortune it was to live all of his life on the borderland of civilization.

Whether Andrew Taylor Still had ever gone to school or not, he would have been an educated man, in the sense that he was a well-balanced man. He knew the laws of health intuitively, and had the ability to take care of himself. Self-preservation is the first law of the mountaineer.

¶ But his parents were sticklers for "schooling." They believed in discipline, and certainly they did not spare the rod. One of the penalties for poor spelling was to be obliged to sit on a horse's skull, and nobody knows how many sharp points there are on a horse's skull until he has sat on one. And just remember that the days of underclothes have come since the boyhood of Doctor Still. Perhaps this was the beginning of the Science of Osteopathy, or the Science of Right Adjustment of bones to tissue.

IN the year Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven, Abram Still was appointed by the Methodist Conference as missionary to Missouri. Missionaries then were physicians to both soul and body.

Population moves on parallel lines East or West. Virginians moved into Tennessee and Kentucky, and then

pushed on through Southern Indiana and Illinois to Missouri ☛ ☛

Abram Still was the first Methodist preacher in Northwestern Missouri. The country was unsurveyed and unmapped, and, for the most part, there were no roads—only trails following the path of deer and buffalo, over which the Indian tramped in moccasined feet.

The preacher built a log cabin in the woods, with the help of his family. And this log cabin was a school, a church, a doctor's office and a home, until other buildings could be built ☛ ☛

Down at La Plata was a school conducted by the Reverend Samuel Davidson, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The Methodists did not think much of the Presbyterians, but Mrs. Still was intent on giving her children educational advantages. So Andrew was bundled off through the woods, all of his worldly goods tied up in a red handkerchief, headed for the center of light and learning.

Much to the surprise of young Andrew, he found the Presbyterian preacher a very gentle, kind and considerate man. The preacher and his wife took the boy into their household and treated him as if he were their own son. And he, in turn, helped them. He split rails, milked cows, made garden, took care of the babies, cooked, washed and scrubbed. He was what you call a "handy boy." Of course, he hunted and fished. Everybody did then.

And so the boy grew in body and in brain. He watched the miracle of the seasons, the sugar-bush, the freshet that carried away the bridge, the first Spring flowers that

came peeping from beneath the snow on the South side of rotting logs; he saw the trees bursting into leaf, the white hills flecked with blossoms of cherry and hawthorn. There were coon hunts by moonlight, tracks of deer by the salt-lick, bears in the green corn, harvest-time, hog-killing days, frost upon the pumpkin and fodder in the shock, wild turkeys in the clearing, revival-meetings, spelling-bees, debates, hard cider, occasional fights at the store, barn-raising, quilting-bees, steers to break, colts to ride, apple butter, soft soap, pickled pigs' feet, smoked hams, side-meat, shelled hickory-nuts and walnuts, coonskins on the barn-door, Winter and the first fall of snow, with the tracks of wild things to be chased and followed, boots to grease, harnesses to mend, back-logs, and all of the various manifestations of pioneer life, where the days were packed full and the nights were sacred to sleep; when tired Nature rested without wakening and the morning came all too soon.

ANDREW'S desire was to be a circuit-rider, like his father, but his experience with the good Presbyterian preacher was a great enlightener, as he discovered that Presbyterians were pretty nearly as good as Methodists. And later he discovered that all denominations were very much alike; it is largely a matter of temperament. Much of the business of the circuit-rider was ministering to the physical needs of the people as well as the spiritual and the mental. In fact, it was not so very long ago that the three learned professions were all incorporated in one individual ☛ ☛

So Andrew Taylor Still, along about his nineteenth or twentieth year, decided to become a physician. And so he attended the Medical College at Kansas City, and in due time began to practise with his father and an elder brother who was also a physician.

He became a general practitioner, and every sort of ailment that flesh was heir to he ministered to.

The Reverend Abram Still had gotten into difficulties with his neighbors, on account of his conscientious stand on the subject of slavery. Those early mountaineers of Virginia did not own black men. In fact, they were the first Abolitionists *se se*

Thomas Jefferson owned slaves, but he devised in his will that all of his slaves should be made free on his death. And any one reading the life of Thomas Jefferson will find statements expressing his dissatisfaction with the "institution." Thomas Jefferson had a goodly trace of the mountaineer in his own composition. But he got mixed up with the planters and fell heir to a big estate on which were located a good many of the dusky chattels.

But Abram Still was not so unfortunate. Andrew Taylor Still was an Abolitionist by prenatal tendency. He drank it in with his mother's milk.

Missouri was the great battle-ground of the abolition idea in the Fifties, and the whole family of Still found it very convenient to move out of Missouri into Kansas, in order to save their epidermis free from puncture *se se*

Young Doctor Still practised almost all over the Territory of Kansas, and, naturally, he got into the border war,

which evolved into a civil war, about the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-five.

The slavery and pro-slavery bands were arrayed against each other. Whether Kansas should be "slave" or "free"—that was the question ♫ ♫

Doctor Still stood for freedom, not only for himself, but for other people, white and black.

And when Old John Brown reached Kansas, along about the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven, that he should run across Doctor Still was quite the most natural thing in the world.

WHEN the first Kansas Legislature was convened, in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven, Doctor Still was one of the members.

The question of slavery, like everything else, seems to be a point of view. Those who owned slaves looked upon the Abolitionists as "nigger thieves."

Their argument was that if the Abolitionists did not want to hold slaves, they need n't, but that they should not interfere with those who did ♫ ♫

It was a wonderful experience of Doctor Still, as fighter, practitioner, army surgeon. He helped begin the Civil War five years before Sumter was fired upon. He ministered to friend and foe alike. If there was any fighting to be done, he fought. He fought for the thing he believed was right and true and just; and where there were bones to set, starving people to feed, and sick people to minister to, whether they wore the gray or the blue made no dif-

ference, he was there. Always and forever, Surgeon Still was on the side of humanity. He was a human being. He was right on the firing-line—and he has been there ever since ☛ ☛

BUT the one thing that this man was to do to impress humanity was to come later. The Science of Osteopathy then existed in his mind only as a germ. He was a doubter by nature, and curiously enough, according to the Law of Paradox, a doubter is a man with faith plus. In order to progress, you have to have faith that there is something better ahead, and naturally you doubt the perfection of the present order.

Doctor Still, happily married, had settled down to farming and practising medicine.

Only a man living much by himself, on the borderland of civilization and with the beautiful indifference to all that had been done and said before, could have broken up the ankylosis of orthodox medicine.

Doctor Still was a Naturalist. Every plant and herb and root and flower and leaf that had medicinal qualities was known to him. He pinned his faith to the simple things.

☛ And we must remember that this was a time when all physicians practised palliation. If they could relieve a man from pain, they congratulated themselves that he was cured.

Doctor Still had imagination enough to see that behind the symptom was the cause. And he was always searching out the reason why ☛ ☛

I believe he is the first man in history to frankly say that, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as disease.

These individual, specific things that we call disease, six hundred of which, or more, are recorded in the books, are only symptoms of certain conditions ☛ ☛

Let a man violate the laws of Nature, be under-nourished, overfed, disturbed mentally, or let pressure of bone play upon the arteries, thus disturbing the circulation, or bone press upon nerve, and this individual may have one or a dozen of these so-called diseases.

Fever, chills, pneumonia, cold in the head, granulated eyelids, lumbago, Bright's disease, rheumatism, colic, croup, measles—these things all trace back to some specific, individual cause. And what this cause was, Doctor Still made it his business to ascertain.

From Eighteen Hundred Sixty to Eighteen Hundred Seventy-four he thought, studied, observed, compared, and finally there was worked out in his mind a clear and specific science, which is now known as the Science of Osteopathy.

¶ On June Twenty-second, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-four, having written out his thesis, he gave it to the world.

¶ It was a great white milestone on the pathway of progress ☛ ☛

THE science of medicine dates back to Hippocrates, who lived in Athens during that wonderful period known as "The Age of Pericles."

Before Hippocrates, medicine and priestcraft were one. Incantations were a big factor in the healing art. The belief

was general that sickness came from a devil taking possession of the human body. So hideous sounds and disgusting smells played their parts in driving out the intruder who had jumped the cosmic claim ☸ ☸

Hippocrates seems to have discovered that certain poisons had a direct chemical effect. He had four powerful drugs that brought about an effect that he could definitely foretell. These were a purgative, a diuretic, a diaphoretic and an emetic. In the giving of these drugs, cause and effects could be followed. It was sequence and consequence; and thus far was it scientific.

The giving of poisons was founded on the old fallacy that the person was possessed of an evil spirit; and the whole intent of the nauseous or poisonous drugs was to smoke the intruder out—to make it so unpleasant for him that he could not stay on the premises.

All down the centuries, for twenty-five hundred years, we have seen the outcrop of this superstition. Occasionally, here and there, no doubt, there were physicians of common-sense. But the voices of such come to us only in pianissimo.

¶ It was a very presumptuous thing for a doctor, educated in an allopath school, to renounce his Alma Mater, break fellowship with his brothers of the profession, and declare that the entire science of medicine, so called, was founded on a superstition. _____

THIS is practically what Doctor Still did in the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-four. It was no hasty generalization. His conclusion was long in ripening, and

he hesitated for a good many years about putting forth the edict.

Only a man born and bred in pioneer times, amid pioneer surroundings, would have had the courage and the hardihood to have thus burned his bridges without thought of a ferry or subway. If needs be, he would stand right out alone in the open and fight it out. And this is exactly what he did. And behold, everything in the way of vocabulary was heaved in his direction. He was renounced and denounced as a fanatic, an ignoramus, a renegade, a rebel.

Doctor Still, however, kept right straight on the even tenor of his way. Instead of giving his patients prescriptions, written in bad Latin, and mystifying them with terms and language they did not understand, he talked to them plainly in words the import of which they understood. He took the patient into his confidence, kindly, gently, surely. He allowed them to state their case and explain their symptoms, as Doctor Still understood perfectly well that this was a part of the healing process.

¶ Doctor Still realized that we are dual in our nature. Man is made up of matter and spirit.

When the spirit leaves the body, it is dead; but as long as the spirit inhabits his house of clay, it is more or less master. Mind is king.

And so Doctor Still did not deny the influence of spirit over matter—a thing which the old medicine men had practically done. He was no metaphysician—and a metaphysician is a man who hides his opinions even from himself. ❧ ❧

The old schools of medicine had been so diligent in deceiving people that in the course of time they deceived themselves, thus proving the dictum that the punishment of a liar is that eventually he believes his own lies.

The schools of medicine have been built on textbooks written largely in medieval times. Lectures were given explaining these textbooks, and the students were marked for proficiency on their ability to memorize what they were told in lectures and read in books. Any departure from what had been taught in the book or the lecture was penalized ☛ ☛

Thus was there a direct apostolic succession of ignorance, deepening as it went down the ages. The business of every doctor seemed to be largely to protect and fight for the things that he had been taught. He did not understand them or comprehend their import, but he based his knowledge on what the book said. If you doubted the truth or the accuracy of his statements, he proudly referred you to the particular page and paragraph in the book. That was sufficient ☛ ☛

But it was n't sufficient for Doctor Still. He took exception to the books. The first item in his plan of diagnosis was to get the patient into a relaxed, hopeful frame of mind, where faith would play its perfect part.

Thus he allowed the patient to explain, and although he might know, beforehand, all that the patient had to tell, he realized that he was a sort of Father Confessor to the stricken ☛ ☛

Then having gotten the man into a relaxed condition of

body, gotten rid of tensity, fear, apprehension, he began his manipulations. He found the sore spot, and then he discovered for himself why this spot was sore, and usually he found that there was a pressure of bone on artery, which disturbed the circulation. His business then was to adjust the bones in a scientific way so as to relieve this pressure and equalize the circulation. •• ••

→ One thing sure, he discovered that pressure on nerves or arteries would produce a disease. Gradually he discovered, after treating a great many thousand cases, that these so-called diseases dropped into certain general types. So gradually the manipulation of the bony structure of the body grew into a science, and the relief of the stricken followed. But Doctor Still bore in mind that commonsense was the first item not only in the healing art, but in living a life.

¶ To be well, a man must be on good terms with his wife and his children and his neighbors. He must think well of himself and think well of Nature. He must love horses, cows, poultry and pets; and the more he was interested in the great seething, breathing world of out-of-doors, the better his chances were of keeping well.

→ But beyond this, a man's body is a mechanical contrivance, and if the articulations are displaced or abnormal, there would certainly follow a wrong adjustment, and this mal-adjustment would cause disease.



STEOPATHY is simply the practise of common-sense. The obvious is the last thing that men learn, and especially learned men, for learned men are mostly

learned only in the science of books, not in the world of Nature ☞ ☞

A good Osteopath must not only know the science of adjustment of the bony structure of the human body, but the more he knows of life in general the better fitted he is to practise the healing art. "They little know of England who only England know."

The man who knows only one thing does not know that.

☞ Had Andrew Taylor Still been merely a physician, versed and deeply learned in all that the books taught, he never would have evolved the Science of Osteopathy. It was hardship, deprivation, obstacles, difficulty, that forced him back on his own inventive genius.

Doctor David Starr Jordan has said that the value of college is in inverse ratio to the extent of its equipment. This merely means that where you do too much for a youngster he will never do much for himself. Creation, invention, the necessity of making your own tools and living your own life, are great factors in education.

I have known Doctor Still for a great many years. I have heard him lecture. I have seen him in the clinic. I have burned brush with him in the clearing, and discussed many themes, walking over the fields and through the woods and down by the creek ☞ ☞

Doctor Still is always more interested in life than he is in medicine. He is more interested in health than in disease. He does not look for the abnormal. He has the ability to keep in his mind the ideal of perfect health, and toward this end he is always working. When he writes or speaks,

he is talking about health, and his plan always seems to be to open up the sluiceway, to dynamite the rocks in the channel, to clear a pathway through the woods. He is moving toward a certain definite point, and that point is health and happiness.

The pathological is more or less abhorrent to him, and in conversation he is always talking about the wonderful things in Nature—about livestock, steam-engines, machinery, and education through co-operation of head, hand and heart. Health is his hobby. Medicine is only incidental. Here we get a great, big, broad and generous view of the world. I do not think that he ever realized the amount of opposition that the launching of Osteopathy would bring about. He was simply indifferent to it. He was a fighter by nature and the thing he fought for was human liberty, the right of the individual to live his own life, according to the dictates of his own conscience.

So it was that he broke loose from the world of medicine and launched a science of his own.

At the same time, Doctor Still has never been dogmatic in his attitude of promulgating Osteopathy. He realizes that it is a science that is in progress, that the whole thing is more or less fluid. He does not want to ossify it or crystallize it. He simply tells what he thinks is true, and relates what he has found in his long and varied experience.

Originally, he had no intent of founding a school. He was living a life, and his defiance of the old-school methods was simply an announcement that thereafter he was going to treat patients according to his highest light. ••

AND the patients came to him in wagons, on stretchers, hobbling on crutches and canes; and thousands of them left their crutches and canes and braces piled up in his front yard. If people could pay—all right; if people could n't pay—all right! Doctor Still was n't much of a businessman so far as money was concerned.

It was about the year Eighteen Hundred Ninety that Doctor Still conceived the idea of founding a school of medicine, and this was done simply in self-defense.

At this time Doctor Still lived in Kirksville, Missouri. He was a farmer and a physician. People were coming for hundreds of miles to be treated. It was more than a local craze. Those who were cured went away and proclaimed the glad tidings. People came in such crowds that they sort of took possession of the town.

Doctor Still had taught quite a number of young men how to perform the manipulations, and essentially they had gotten his idea and methods fixed in their minds. They became experts, so to speak, in the science of right adjustment ☛ ☛

Some of the young men and women who had been cured were anxious to learn the art and go out and practise it. And so a little one-room cottage was secured, where lessons were given to these disciples daily.

Doctor Charles E. Still, son of the "Old Doctor," had taken a turn in various colleges and hospitals in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. Now he buckled right down to business with his father and worked sixteen hours a day ☛ ☛

So the business grew. Soon the little cottage was too small, and a lecture-hall was erected. Other buildings were built in due course ☛ ☛

In Nineteen Hundred, Doctor George M. Laughlin, who had married one of the daughters of Old Doctor Still, was given an interest in the School. And it was a lucky day for Osteopathy, for Laughlin is a man of rare ability.

RECENTLY I made a little journey to Kirksville and spent a very happy two days mixing with students, professors and patients.

The Kirksville School of Osteopathy now occupies a dozen buildings or more. There are two magnificent brick structures, with offices, auditorium and lecture-halls, and something like fifty rooms where treatments are given.

There is never a loss for patients. Daily clinics are held, and the professor making the diagnosis and giving treatment lectures to the class. Every kind and condition of stricken humanity that can be imagined is to be found here—young and old, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, they come for treatment.

No place in the world offers such opportunities for the study of the healing art as Kirksville ☛ ☛

Various other colleges and schools, founded on so-called similar lines, have been started in various parts of the country since the School was founded, twenty years ago. But Kirksville is the home of Osteopathy. It is the home of Doctor Andrew Taylor Still, of Doctor Charles E. Still, of Doctor George M. Laughlin and of Doctor George Still,

a highly skilled surgeon, a nephew of the Old Doctor ☛☛ These four men, ably assisted by E. C. Brott as business manager, have built up this institution.

Emerson says that every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a man. This is certainly true of the College of Osteopathy in Kirksville.

There are more than seven hundred students in attendance. About one-third of these are women. And I was interested and pleased to note that women, for the most part, are the best students of Osteopathy, and, as a rule, make a decided success of the profession.

Women make good physicians. The great willing mother-heart is able to extend its ministrations and look after the needs of a great number of people ☛☛

Osteopathy does not pretend to know all about it. No school of medicine is so wholly right it can afford to say that all others are wholly wrong.

There is good in everything, otherwise the thing could not have existed at all. Recognizing this, Osteopathy seeks to make use of every idea, every appliance, every invention, that can be of service to stricken humanity.

At Kirksville is a complete chemical laboratory. There is probably as fine a hospital equipment as can be found anywhere in America, with skilled men to operate when the needs demand ☛☛

Of course, the main thing in Osteopathy is the "right adjustment," and this, in the vast number of instances, brings relief. This is the secret of Osteopathy, if there is any secret in it, which of course there is n't, because it

belongs to everybody and anybody who can comprehend, absorb and utilize it s-s-

I noticed that these students at Kirksville had not been "sent to college"; they had gone of their own accord and free will. Many of them, doubtless, have made sacrifices in order to avail themselves of these educational facilities, and so they improve the time. The loafer does not get in, at Kirksville.

I had the pleasure of speaking to the entire school body, and I noticed the wonderful receptive spirit that the students possessed. They were a very healthy, happy, strong, earnest, good-natured lot of men and women.

In no college where I have ever spoken—and I have spoken in schools, colleges and universities all over the United States, in England, Scotland, Ireland and France—have I ever seen a more earnest, receptive, commonsense lot of students s-s-

They are drilled, not only in the science of healing, but are likewise taught the necessity of keeping well themselves.

¶ As a body, doctors are not very good insurance risks. They are apt to overstimulate, overeat and underbreathe, and if not driven out by the necessities of their work into the open, they will sit around a red-hot stove and read musty books and medical magazines devoted to the mysterious, the abnormal and the unusual.

The Osteopath is a very good-natured man. Also, he is a hard-working man.

Osteopathy is not only a profession; it is also a business. If you benefit people and bestow upon them a service, they

should pay you for it. Charity has no place in the modern economic world. A service that is not paid for is not appreciated ☛ ☛

One thing sure: Osteopathy does not poison, corrupt and kill. And I believe that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it results in a positive benefit.

Opening up the articulations, relieving undue pressure, bringing about a complete relaxation—all mean bettered circulation and consequent natural elimination of the toxins that the body has accumulated and should throw off. The upright position was not the original intent of Nature. When man began to walk on his two hind feet he put one over on the Dame, and she has been punishing him ever since by occasionally giving him a crooked backbone ☛ ☛

We are only well and happy and able to think, to work, to love, to endure, to succeed, when the spinal column is able to do its perfect work.

I notice that Osteopaths do not talk about “curing” people. All that the good physician can do is allow Nature to play through the human organism. It is Nature heals.

¶ What we all want is to be a good conductor of the divine current, to cultivate the receptive mind, the hospitable heart, and have bodies that are fit dwelling-places for the Holy Spirit.

We are bathed in an Ocean of Intelligence. The world is Spirit. Spirit takes material forms, and one of these material forms is the human body. The human soul seems to be a part of the Great Spirit, partially segregated, as it were, in

the individual body. Our business is to allow this divine spirit to play through us. So the happy, relaxed, generous mood is always the healthful mood.

Take off the pressure of hate, the stricture of jealousy, the weight of woe, and a great good follows without fail.

Pressure of bone on nerve, of articulation on artery—these hinder the free flow of the secretions.

The “manips” simply put the machine in good working order, so that Nature has her way and can do her perfect work ☞ ☞

We are part of Nature—in fact, we are Nature. Nature is our Mother; and the more we love Nature, the more we understand Nature, the more we move with Nature, the happier and better we are.

The penalties of life are for disobedience of the laws of Nature. The blessings of life come from being one with the Universal Mother.

No man can hope to explain the Science of Osteopathy in a single little book like this. What I am endeavoring to do is to give a general impression of the work of Andrew Taylor Still and his very able helpers who are carrying on and extending his ideas.

That these strong, able and commonsense men and women have carried the science of Osteopathy beyond what the Old Doctor ever anticipated, is no doubt very true. This the dear Old Doctor, himself, to me acknowledged ☞ ☞ Doctor Charles E. Still, the practical head of the School, is a very sturdy, efficient and honest type of man. There was a livestock show on in Kirksville the day I was there

last. "Doctor Charlie" and I attended the show, and discussed horses, mules, hogs and sheep with the farmers. I noticed that Doctor Charlie had the respect of every one. His neighbors believe in him—his family believe in him—and he believes in himself. He is a man who has nothing to hide. He is approachable, friendly, kindly, generous. He is at home anywhere, with all sorts and conditions of men. He is a man to respect and admire ☛ ☛

WE sat on the veranda, in the beautiful October sun, and looked off on the dying foliage that deepened into the reds, the browns and the russets, stretching away miles on miles on every side.

"The year is dying," said the Old Doctor. "Perhaps we are all dying.

"I am well past eighty, and the great work down there goes on without me. It seems to go even better without me than with me. And yet I take a hearty interest in it.

"All of those boys and girls that come here to study are my children. Only a few of them I know now by name. Once I knew every student here, and a good deal of his history. I called him by name as we passed. This is not so now. The business is growing beyond me, and I feel that I could pass away and the work would still go on.

"This does not sadden me. I have killed the Black Wolf of Death. The other name of this wolf is Fear, and Fear is in all the pens of the lambs of God. In all religious denominations you will find the element of fear and the horror at thought of death ☛ ☛

" I have seen many people die. I have stood by the bedside and told the man that he would tomorrow at this time be a corpse, and I have never yet known an individual who was stripped for eternity who knew anything of life after this. It is all belief, hearsay, guesswork ☛ ☛

" I know, however, that where we keep the body in good working order, so that all parts grow old together, there is no fear or dread of death. Death is as natural as life, and just as good. I am ready and willing to go, confident that the change will be a higher step, and that my spirit will live somewhere, in some shape, and that the Great Power that has cared for me all these years here will never desert me there.

" The Great Architect of the universe is on our side—He is one with us, and I am ready to receive all changes that this Great Architect thinks are necessary to complete the work for which man was designed ☛ ☛

" Man's business is this: Know thyself, and be at peace with God."



EVERY great
institution is the
lengthened shadow
of one man



RALPH WALDO EMERSON



SO HERE, THEN, ENDETH THE PREACHMENT
BY ELBERT HUBBARD, ENTITLED, "A LITTLE
JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF ANDREW TAYLOR
STILL." DONE INTO PRINT BY THE ROYCROFT-
ERS, AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST
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DR. C. E. STILL

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WHEN in
doubt, tell
your pa-
tient the truth.

—George Laughlin



HIND, fix it,
and let it
alone.

—*Andrew Taylor Still*

